

Children's Sermon

Giving.

By Rev. Stewart Nye Hutchison.

The Lord loveth a cheerful giver. 2 Cor. 9:7.

The Indians of this country have a very pretty legend about the leaves and the birds. They say that long, long ago when the Great Spirit was busy making the earth beautiful that everywhere he stepped there the trees and the plants and the flowers began to grow at once. The leaves of the trees were very happy and sang songs all the day. But one morning the wind came along and told the leaves that by and by they would fall from the trees to the ground and would wither and die and be forgotten.

This made the leaves very sad and they forgot for a little to sing. But by and by, when they thought how happy it made the old tree to hear them sing, they went on again and forgot all about what the wind had said.

But sure enough, one day in the fall it began to get cold. The wind blew and the leaves began to loosen their hold on the tree and to fall to the ground. The tree had to give them up one by one till there was not a single leaf left on the sad old tree.

As they lay there the Great Spirit came walking along that way. He saw the beautiful, many-colored leaves on the ground. He thought to himself, "What a pity to let those lovely things go to waste." So he determined to make them live again. He gave to each leaf a pair of wings and taught them to fly and they became the birds. The red oak leaves became the robin-redbreasts, and the yellow willow leaves became the yellow birds, and the brown leaves the sparrows and the swallows. What a flock of them there were. And they flew off up into the trees again. The trees had had to give them up, but they got them all back and they were so much more beautiful than they were before.

not be refused. Mother's hands and feet get tired, and she is ready and glad to make use of service offered by her boy or girl. Such service is sweet to her, and how happy it will make you who offer it!

Mother would be less weary, too, at night, if she did not have to repeat things so often. Prompt obedience would save her voice, as willing errands her feet.

One way of serving Jesus is to serve mother. The Saviour was obedient to his parents and did their bidding. He had nothing to regret, when recalling his boyhood days.

Help your mother, boys and girls! Save her all you can and thus lengthen her days! Remember that "Honor thy father and mother" is the first commandment with promise!

Children's Letters

EPAMINONDAS.

Once there was a little black boy named Epaminondas. He went to see his grandmother every day. One day she gave him some nice cake to carry home to his mammy. He held it tight in his hands, and went along home, and when he got there it was all crumbs. "Why, Epaminondas, what you got there?" said his mammy. "Cake," said Epaminondas. "Cake! That's no way to carry cake. When somebody gives you cake, you must wrap it up in green leaves and put it in your hat and come along home."

Now let me tell you what this legend teaches. It means that no one ever gives up anything for God that He does not give him back something ever so much better and more beautiful.

Once while Jesus was there there was a big crowd of very hungry people out in the wilderness who had had nothing to eat all day. There were no stores where they could buy and they were too far away to go home. Jesus called the disciples and asked them to feed the people, but the disciples had nothing to give them. Then the Lord commanded them to go and see what they could find in the crowd. After a little they came back and told him that there was a little boy there who had five biscuits and two little fish. The little boy's mother had given him some lunch that morning when he came away from home and he had not eaten it yet. And that was all that they could find in that crowd of thousands of people.

Jesus called the little boy and asked him if he would give him his lunch. The little boy didn't want to at first. He was hungry himself, but the children all loved Jesus and so he gave it to him. And then what do you think that Jesus did? He took that little boy's basket of lunch and he made it more and more till there was enough to feed all those thousands of hungry people. When they had all had enough he called the little boy to him and gave him back what was left. There were twelve big baskets full. There was so much that he couldn't carry it all. He had to ask some of his friends to come and help him. He had given the Lord a little and the Lord had given him more than he could carry.

That is what the Lord always does. Whenever we give up something for him we get something back that is greater and better.

Norfolk, Va.

So he went to see his grandmother the next day and she gave him some nice yellow butter. He wrapped it in green leaves and put it in his hat and went along home. It was a hot day, and the butter melted and ran into his hair and ears and down his neck. When he got home his mammy looked at him and said, "Epaminondas, what's that you got in your hat? 'Butter,' said Epaminondas. "Butter! Ain't you got no sense at all, Epaminondas? You must take butter to the brook and cool it, and cool it and wrap it in green leaves, and then hold it in your hands and come along home."

The next day Epaminondas went to see his grandmother, and she gave him a little puppy. He took him to the brook and cooled him, and cooled him, till he was 'most dead, and then he wrapped him in green leaves and went along home. "What have you got there, Epaminondas?" said his mammy. "A little puppy, mammy." "Epaminondas, that's no way to carry a puppy. You take a string and tie it around the puppy's neck, and take the other end of the string in your hand and come along home."

The next day Epaminondas went to see his grandmother, and she gave him a nice loaf of brown bread. He took a string and tied one end of it around the bread, and took the other end in his hand, and went along home. "What have you got there, Epaminondas?" said his mammy. "Brown bread, mammy." "Brown bread, Epaminondas! I am going myself next time."

So the next day she got her bonnet and

shawl, but before she started off she said, "Epaminondas, you see those six pies sitting on the door-step to cool? Well, you be careful how you step on those pies!"

And Epaminondas was careful. He stepped exactly in the middle of each pie.

We don't know what happened next. Nobody knows but Epaminondas and his mother. But we can guess.

Cartersville, Va. Retold by Frances Ford.

Age 6.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl nine years old. I belong to Sunday-school and the missionary band. I help mamma with all her work. I can hemstitch and make tatting, too. I have sold six yards of tatting. I enjoy going to grandma's. She has so many pretty flowers and so much fruit. She has just gathered her apples and they are fine. I like to read the children's letters in your paper. We take the Youth's Companion and I am fond of reading the stories. I am in the fourth grade at school. Your little friend,

Seneca, S. C.

Louise Wright.

Dear Presbyterian: I have written before, but I did not see nor hear any more tell of it. I have been looking in all your papers. I guess the waste-basket got it. I want to see this letter. Please, waste-basket, go to sleep. I know you will print this letter. I am a little girl ten years old. I have two sisters and three brothers. I will ask and answer some one's questions: "What is the shortest verse in the Bible?" The shortest verse is "Jesus wept." "What is the next?" "Thou shalt not kill."

Jackson Springs, N. C. Verner McGoogan.

THE QUARREL.

Once a little girl and boy were playing together in the sand. They got to quarreling; then to fighting. The little boy hit the little girl. She went and told her mother. Her mother told her to stay in the house and play with her two dolls until they made up. But they soon made up and played in the sand together, and never got mad for a long time. Let us try not to get mad like they did. Do you know any one who got mad like that? I am sure you do not want to and I hope you will not.

Keyser, W. Va.

Marion Perryman.

Age 9 years.

Dear Presbyterian of the South: I have three brothers and one sister. My sister and I both have playmates and also our brothers, too. I am going to write a story. Once there were two girls, one was named Blue Eyes and the other Golden Hair. They were happy and wanted to make everybody else happy; so they asked everybody what they could do, but they didn't know. So there lived an old woman on the top of the hill. They had heard that she could turn boys and girls to flowers, and one day they went and the sun was going down and they were tired. They got there and ate their supper and the woman put them to bed and the next morning Golden Hair and Blue Eyes were never seen, but goldenrods and purple asters were growing all over the place. But these girls wanted to make everybody happy and stay together. So these flowers, if they only would tell us all about it. I like the paper; one of our neighbors gets it and lets us read it. I like to read the letters in it. Your unknown friend,

Red Bay, Fla.

Annie Lee McLeod.

Good morals and bad religion never go together.